A RELATION OF THE TRUE FUNERALS Of the Great Lord Marqueſſe of MONTROSE, HIS MAJESTIES Lord High Commiſſioner, and Captain General of His Forces in *SCOTLAND.*

With that of the Renowned Knight Sir *WILLIAM HAY* of DELGITY.

GOD Almighty's Juſtice and revenge of Murther is ſo frequently recorded by many famous Hiſtorians, that nothing ſhall be ſaid here on that Theme in general, leſt I ſhould grate on ſome, who though ſubtile, hath been ſurpized in their ſubtilty, while they deveſted themſelves of Chriſtian maxims, to raiſe themſelves through humane Policy by the ruine of the moſt Eminent, and yet that their

promiſed ſtability hath been overturned, and their cut-out wayes damped and overclouded with abyſſes and darkneſſe: The briquals and returns of Providence of this nature, diſcovered in our late unnatural civil War, are teſtimonies ſufficient to convince and confound the moſt peremptory *Atheiſt* of the Eternal and Immortal Deity, that will ſuffer no wickedneſſe (under what ſpecious pretences ſoever, of *Reformation* or *Good Cauſe*) to paſſe unpuniſhed. I ſhall not mention theſe ambitious ſpirits who grounded their proper advancement by overthrowing Religion and Law, how I ſay, ſome of them vagabonds, are expoſed to ſhame and deſerved obloquie. But the Divine Providence teacheth us to make this difference, that when Vertue and Loyalty hath groaned and ſuffered under Tyrannie and Oppreſſion, in the end they have been crowned with Fame and Admiration, as our Dread Soveraign and Noble Parliament would have it witneſſed in the Celebration of the Great Marqueſſe of *Montroſe*'s Funerals, in the higheſt and magnificent Grandour, to counterballance the height of malicious invention exerciſed on him to the full. The particulars of the Honourable Ceremonies will in true and exquiſit Heraulдry diſplay the ſeveral dignities he had, either as a Peer of the Land, or charged with His Majeſties Serviee: So in a proportionable manner we ſhall ſhew the honour done to the memory of that renowned Colonel, Sir *William Hay* of *Delgity*, who ſuffering Martyrdome with him, in the ſame cauſe, ambitioned his Funeral under the ſame infamous Gibbet, prophetically certainly, that he might participate with him the ſame honour at his firſt bodily Reſurrection: This his requeſt was eaſily aſſented to by theſe Monſtrous Leeches, whoſe greateſt glory was to be drunk and ryot in the blood of the moſt faithful Subjects; Nay even ſome of thoſe whoſe profeſſion ſhould have preached mercy, belched out that the *Good work went bonily on*, when the Scaffold, or rather Shambles at the Croſſe of *Edinburgh*, for the ſpace of ſix weeks was dayly ſmoaking with the blood of the moſt Valiant and Loyal Subjects. But we proceed to the Funeral Pomp, hoping that theſe glorious Martyres are praiſing and glorifying God, while we are amuſing our ſelves in this ſcantling tranſitory following deſcription:

deſcription: From the Abbay Church of *Holy-rudehouſe* to that of St. *Gyles* in the high Town, the Funeral Pomp was as followeth,

Two conductors in Mourning with black Staves.

Twenty five poor in Gowns, Hoods, the firſt of which went alone next to the conductors carrying a Gumpheon, the other twenty four following two and two, carrying the Armes of the Houſe on long Staves.

An open Trumpet cloathed in rich Livery of the Marqueſſe Colours, carrying his Armes on his Banner.

Sir *Harie Grahame* in compleat Armour on Horſeback, carrying on the point of a Launce, the Colours of the Houſe, this Noble Gentleman accompanied his Excellence in all his good and bad Fortunes, both at Home and abroad.

Servants of friends in Mourning two and two.

The great Pincel with his Armes carryed by *John Graham* of *Douchrie*, a renowned Highland *Hector*, and one who ſtuck peremptorily to the preſent Marqueſſe of *Montroſe* in the laſt Expedition under his Grace the Lord Commiſſioner, he is beſt known by the title of *Tetrarch* of *Aberfoyl*.

The great Standard in Colours, with his Armes, carried by *Thomas Grahame* of *Potento*, a hopeful Cadet of the Ancient Family of *Clarriſſe*.

An Horſe of War, with great Sadle and Piſtols, led by two Lacquies in Livery.

The Defuncts ſervants, two and two in mourning.

An Horſe in State, with a rich Footmantle, two Lacquies in rich Livery, and his Parliament Badges.

Four cloſſe Trumpets in mourning, carrying the Defuncts Armes on their Banners.

The great Gumpheon of black Taffetie carried on the point of a Launce by *William Grahame* younger of *Duntrum*, another ſprightful Cadet of the houſe of *Clarriſſe*.

The great Pincel of Mourning, carried by *George Grahame* younger of *Cairnie*, who from his firſt entry to Manhood, accompanied his Chief in the Wars.

The

The Defuncts friends, two and two in Mourning.

The great Mourning Banner carried by *George Grahame* of *Inchbrakie* younger, whose youthhead only excused him from running the risks of his father.

The Spurs carried on the point of a Launce by *Walter Grahame* elder of *Duntrun*, a most honest Royalist, and highly commended for his hospitality.

The Gantlets carried by *George Grahame* of *Drums* on the point of a Launce, a worthy person well-becoming his name.

The Head Piece by *Mungo Grahame* of *Gorthie* on the point of a Launce, whose father had sometimes the honour to carry His Majesties Standart under his Excellency, his great sufferings and forfeiture is anuff to speak his action and honesty.

The Corslet by *George Grahame* of *Monzie* on the point of a Launce, a brave young Gentleman, whose father fell in his Majesties Service under the Defunct.

A Banner all in Mourning by *John Grahame* of *Balgowne*, who likewise hazarded both Life and Fortune with his Chief.

The Lord Provest, Bailies and Burgesses of *Edinburgh*, two and two all in deep Mourning.

The Burgesses Members of Parliament in Mourning, two and two.

The Barrons Members of Parliament, two and two in Mourning.

The Nobles in Mourning, two and two.

Next followed the eight Branches first of the Mother side.

Halyburton Lord *Dirleton*, carried by *William Halyburton* of *Bittergask*.

Douglasse Earle of *Angus*, by Sir *Robert Douglasse* of *Blackerstoun*, a most worthy person and great sufferer for his constant adherence to His Majesties Interest.

Stuart Lord *Methven*, by *Stuart* Sheriff of *Bute*, it is to no purpose to commend their Loyaltie, or to doubt of it when the relations of their Predecessors to his Majesties Progenitors is considered.

Ruthven

Ruthven of *Gowrie*, by *William Ruthven* Barron of *Gairnes*, a Gentleman of clear repute and honesty, suitable to his Noble and Valiant Cousin the Earle of *Forth* and *Brandfoord*.

Next on the Father side.

Keith Earl of *Marshal*, by Colonel *George Keith*, brother to the said Earl, a Noble Gentleman, whose behaviour in His Majesties Service discovered him a worthy inheritour of his Illustrious Progenitors.

Fleeming Earl of *Wigtoun*, by Sir *Robert Fleeming* son to the said Earl, a gallant soul, carved out for his King and Countries Service, as are all his Family, witnesse his Noble Uncle Sir *William Fleeming*.

Drummond Earl of *Perth*, by Sir *James Drummond* of *Machiny*, one whose fidelity to King and Country was never brought in question.

Grahame Marqueese of *Montrose*, by *James Grahame* Barron of *Orchell*, whose life and fortune never caused him scruple to advance the Royal Interest.

The Armes of the Defunct in Mourning by *James Grahame* of *Buckleuy*, son to the Barron of *Fentry*, a Gentleman which nothing could never startle from His Majesties Service, and that he was a favorite of the Deceased, and accompanied his Son in the late Highland War, is sufficient to speak his praises.

An Horse in close Mourning led by two Lacquies in Mourning.

Four closse Trumpets in Mourning, with the Defuncts Armes on their Banners.

Six Pursevants in Mourning with their Coats displayed, two and two.

Six Heraulds with their Coats, as followeth,

The first carrying an Antick Shield with the Defuncts Armes on it.

The second carrying his Creist.

The third his Sword.

The fourth the Targe.

The fifth the Scroll and Motto.

The

The sixth his Helmet.

Two Secretaries, Master *William Ord*, and Master *Thomas Saintserf.*

Then Doctor *Middleton* and his Chapline.

His Parliament Robes carried by *James Graham* of *Killern*, a Gentleman whose merite besides his Birth procured this Noble employment.

The Generals Batton, by *Robert Grahame* elder of *Cairnie*, a brave and bold Gentleman, who from the beginning of his Chiefs enterprises never abandoned him, and one whose Fortune endured all the mischiefs of Fire and Devastation.

The Order of the Garter by *Patrick Graham* Baron of *Inchbrakie* elder, a person most eminent for his services upon all occasions, and the only Companion of the Defunct when he went first to *Athole* and published His *Majesties* Commission.

The Marquesse Crown carried by Sir *Robert Graham* of *Morphie* younger, a Noble person, no lesse renowned for his affection to Royalty then for his kindnesse and hospitality amongst his neighbour Gentry.

The Purse carried by *David Graham* Baron of *Fentrie*, this Noble Gentlemans Predecessor was the Son of the Lord *Graham* then head of the House of *Montrose*, who upon a second Marriage on King *James* the first his Sister, begot the first Baron of *Fentry*, which in a Male Line hath continued to this Baron, and as their Births was high, so their qualifications hath in every respect been great, for in all ages since their rise nothing unbecoming loyal Subjects or persons of Honour could be laid to their charge, and he who possesseth it now can claim as large a share as any of his Ancestours.

Next before the Corps, went Sir *Alexander Durham* Lyon King of Armes, with His Majesties Coat displayed, carrying in his hand the Defuncts coat of Honour.

The Corps was carried by fourteen Earles, *viz.*

The Earles of *Murr*, *Morton*, *Eglington*, *Caithnes*, *Winton*, *Linlithgow*, *Home*, *Tillibardin*, *Roxburgh*, *Seaforth*, *Kallender*, *Annandale*, *Dundie*, *Aboyne*.

The

The Pale above the Corps, was likewise sustained by twelve Noblemen, *viz.* The Viscounts of *Stormont*, *Arbuthnet*, *Kingstone*, the Lords *Stranaver*, *Kilmaurs*, *Montgomery*, *Coldinghame*, *Fleeming*, *Gask*, *Drumlanerick*, *Sinclar*, *Mack-donald*.

Gentlemen appointed for relieving of those who carried the Coffine under the Pale.

Earles Sons, Sir *John Keith* Knight Marshal, *Robert Gordon*, *Alexander Livingstoun*, Sir *David Ogilvie*, the Barrons of *Pitcurr*, *Powrie Fotheringhame*, *Cromlis*, *Abercairny*, *Ludwharne*, *Denholm*, *Mackintosh*, *Balmedie*, *Glorat*, *Cahoun*, *Braco*, *Craigie*, *Morphie*, *Bandoch* elder and younger, and the ingenious Baron of *Minorgan* and *John Graham* of *Creekie* who likewise accompanied the Lord Marquesse in his Travels in *France* and *Italy*.

Next to the Corps went the Marquesse of *Montrose* and his Brother as chief Mourners, in Hoods and long Robes, carried up by two Pages, with a Gentleman bare-headed on every side.

Next to him followed Nine of the neareſt in Blood, three and three in Hoods and long Robes carried up by Pages. *viz.*

The Marquesse of *Douglasse*, the Earles of *Marshal*, *Wigtoun*, *Southask*, Lords of *Drumond*, *Mauberti*, *Naper*, *Rollo*, and Baron of *Luz* Nephew to the Defunct.

Next to the deep Mourners went my Lord *Commissioner* his Grace in an open Coach and six Horses all in deep Mourning, six Gentlemen of quality going on every side of the Coach in deep mourning bare-headed.

The Corps of Sir *William Hay* of *Delgity* followed in this Order.

Captain *George Hay* son to Sir *John Hay* late Clerk Regiſter carried the Standard of Honour.

William Ferguson of *Badyfarrow* the Gumphron.

Maſter *John Hay* the Pistel of Honour.

Alexander Hay the Spurs and Sword of Honour.

Maſter *Harie Hay* the Crosset.

Maſter *Andrew Hay* the Gauntlets.

Next followed his four Branches,

Hay House of *Arrolt* carried by *Alexander Hay*.

Leſly, House of *Bonwhoyn* by *George Leſly* of Chapleton.

Forbes Of the Houſe of *Forbes* by *Forbes* of *Leſly*.
Hay Of *Delgity*, by *Robert Hay* of Perk.

Two cloſſe Trumpets in Mourning.

Then the Corps garniſhed with Scutchions and Epitaphs, attended by the Earl of *Arroll*, Lord high Conſtable of *Scotland*, the Earles of *Buchan*, *Tuadall*, *Dumfrieſſe*, *Kinghorn*, the Viſcount of *Frendraught*, the Lords *Ray*, *Fraſer*, *Foſter*, Maſter *Robert Hay* of Dronlaw, *George Hay of* Kininmouth, with a multitude of the Name of *Hay* and other Relations.

As the good Town of *Edinburgh* was never wanting to the celebration of loyal Solemnities, ſo they appeared highly magnificent in this; for their Trained Bands in gallant order ranged both ſides of the Streets twixt the two Churches, and as the Corps of the great *Montroſe* was laying in the Grave of his Grandfather who was Vice-Roy, they did nothing but fire excellent Vollies of ſhot, which was anſwered with thundering of Canon from the Caſtle; the ſame was done to the Baron of *Delgity* as he was Interring by his Generals ſide. There was two things remarkable, the one, that before the beginning of the Solemnity, there was nothing but ſtormy rains, but the Corps no ſooner came out but fair weather with the countenance of the Sun appeared, and continued till all was finiſhed, and then the clouds returned to their frowns, and the ſtorm begun afreſh. The other, it was obſerved, that the friends of both the Deceaſed had Wedding Countenances, and their Enemies were howling in dark corners like Howlets. Some ſay, that there was then a kind of Collective Body, or ſort of Spiritual Judicatory in Town that would not be preſent at the Funeral, left the bones of both ſhould bleed.

Never Funeral pomp was celebrate with ſo great jollity, neither was it any wonder ſince we now enjoy a King, Lawes, Libertie, Religion, which was the only cauſe that the Deceaſed did ſo bravely fight for, and who would not be good Subjects, ſince there is ſo great Honour payed to their memories, when we ſee Traitors for their villanie has their Carcaſſes raiſed and hung upon Gibbets, as was the late *Cromwel* and others. All that belonged to the body of this great *Heroe* was carefully recollected, only his Heart, which two dayes after the Murder in ſpight of the Traitors, was be the conveyance of ſome adventorious ſpirits appointed by that Noble and Honourable Lady, the Lady *Napier* taken out and embalmed in the moſt coſtly manner, by

that

that skilfull Chyrurgion and Apothecary Mr. *James Callender*; then put in a rich Box of Gold, and ſent by the ſame Noble Lady to the now Lord Marqueſſe who was then in *Flanders*.

The Solemnities being ended, the Lord *Commiſſioner* with the Nobility and Barons had a moſt ſumptuous Supper and Banquet at the Marqueſſe of *Montroſe* Houſe, with Conſorts of all ſort of Muſick.

Nothing here was wanting for compleating the Solemnities but the good old cuſtome of a Sermon, which (in regard of the true and excellent Character of the great *Montroſe*, given by that Learned and ever Loyal Doctor *George Wiſhart* in his Book, *De rebus Montiſ ros*, &c.) was the more eaſily diſpenſed with, and indeed it is a ſufficient Monument to perpetrate his memory to Eternity: However becauſe the Book is in the Language of the Beaſt, which haply ſome will ſcruple at, and many not underſtand, for their ſatisfaction, I have glanced at the characters of theſe two Noble and Crowned Martyres. And firſt, It is known that he is Head and Chief of that moſt Ancient and famous Family of *Grahams*, called in our old *Scots* Language, the great *Græm*. The riſe of the race is from that *Græm* ſo famous in Hiſtory, Father in Law to *Fergus* the ſecond King of *Scotland*, from whom he received Lands for his ſignal Service, in demoliſhing the *vallum ſeveri*, which to this day is known by the name of *Græm's* Dike, and is ſtill in poſſeſſion of the Noble Marqueſſe of *Montroſe*. If the Heroick Actions of this late Martyre could be more ſplendid by theſe of his Anceſtors, we could mention the Valiant *Graham*, who ſo often baffled the *Danes* then Maſters of *England*, and Sir *John* the *Graham* who gave ſo much trouble to *Edward* King of *England*, who took occaſion of the difference twixt the *Bruce* and *Baliol* to invade our Countries Liberties. But theſe and many others of that Ancient Race I paſſe to haſten to our Martyre, only this, his Grand-father's memory is yet freſh for his great Services to King and Country, both as Lord High Chancellor of *Scotland*, and Vice-Roy of this Kingdom, his Father likewiſe for his ſingular eminencies, both of body and minde inferiour to none, who after he had acquit himſelf moſt honourably of ſeverall Royal Ambaſſages, was to the great loſſe of his Country taken away by untimely death. But to paſſe much which might be ſaid of the Fame of his Progenitors, I ſhall acquaint you with both, I know my ſelf (having followed him ſeveral years in his Expedi-

tions) and what I have learned from others of good name and credit. He was of a midle ſtature, and moſt exquiſitly proportioned limbs, his hair of a light cheſnut, his complexion twixt pale and ruddy, his eye moſt penetrating, though inclining to gray, his noſe rather Aquilin then otherwiſe: as he was ſtrong of body and limbs, ſo was he moſt agil, which made him excell moſt of others in theſe exerciſes where theſe two are required: In riding the great Horſe, and making uſe of his Arms, he came ſhort of none; I never heard much of his delight in Dancing, though his countenance and other his bodily endowments were equally fitting the Court as the Camp: In his younger dayes he travelled *France* and *Italy*, where he made it his work to pick up the beſt of their qualities, neceſſary for a perſon of honour, having rendered himſelf perfect in the Academies. His next delight was to improve his intellectuals, which he did by alloting a proportionable time to reading, and converſing with Learned Men, yet ſtill ſo, that he uſed his exerciſe as he might not forget it, he ſtudied as much of the Mathematicks as is required for a Souldier; but his great ſtudy was to read Men, and the actions of Great Men, thus he ſpent three years in *France* and *Italy*, and had ſurveyed the Rarities of the Eaſt: If his Domeſtick Affairs had not obliged his return Home, which chanced at that time the late Rebellion began to peep out, the Conſpirators knowing his great abilities, and the great eſteem he had amongſt the people, ſought by all means to enſnare him with themſelves, and ſo wrought in him a diſcontent, that notwithſtanding his Grand-fathers, his Fathers eminent Services, together with his own merits ſo highly deſerving, yet he had not the honour of being Counſellour: Beſides, they knowing how good a Patriot he was, they left not that ſtring untouch'd, by perſwading that His Majeſty intended to provinciate us, and to introduce Popery, with which and the like cunning Forgery's born in upon him by ſome ſetting, &c. kept a purpoſe for that uſe: they got him aſſociate in the Cabal, but his generous ſoul ſoon after his engagement, ſmok't out their hypocriſies and rotten enterpriſes, and from that time which was in the latter end of *Anno* 1639. He abandoned them and faced about to his Allegiance, reſolving to ſacrifice all was precious to him in his Majeſties Service, and accordingly diſcovered all the engines of the plot, the many circumſtances of which muſt be left to the Hiſtorians of the Time. In the end of the year 1643. when

when a great party of our Nation had been involved againſt the King in *England*, he with the help of a thouſand *Iriſh* gave opportunity to the Royalty party to beſtir themſelves and joyn with him, with whom he eſtabliſhed an Army more conſiſting in the valour, then number of the perſons, as was ſeen in a years ſpace, in which he clearly gained ſix Battels, where there fell 20000. of the Rebels. In the management of this Service, though he had never been bred a Souldier, yet he ſhew admirable knowledge in the Arte of War, and though he never confined himſelf to the practice of other Nations, yet he never did any thing but with ſtrong reaſon, his ſtratagems ſeldome miſſing of being ſucceſſeful, his vigilance and toyl were wonderful, that the Enemy knew not where he was till he was on them, and he again never ignorant of their place, ſtrength and condition: His fight was ſtill on the Plains, though the Hills were advantagious to him, his Cavalry not being the fourth part of the Enemies, but all of Gentlemen, particularly of theſe Noble Families of *Gordouns* and *Ogilvy*: He ſhew greateſt chearfulneſſe in his greateſt extremities; if his Infantry at any time ſcrupled the wading of little Rivers, he was the firſt diſmounted to ſhew others the way, and this baniſhed all repining: He accuſtomed himſelf to courſe feeding, and conſtant drinking of water, he knew they were ſtill to be found, ſo that the want of Delicacies ſhould be no tentation to him to weary of the Service: He had many opportunities of large Sums of Money, but ſhunned the making uſe of them, knowing he could never enjoy both their hearts and purſes, ever inculcating to them that His Majeſtie demanded nothing but the performance of their duty in point of Allegiance. Indeed the propagators of the *Good Cauſe* had a Religious way to enrich themſelves, by flaying to the very skin the Royal Party, whom they termed *Egyptians*. It was wonderful with what dexterity he kept his Army intire without Pay or Plunder, which his behaviour did ſtrangely undeceive the people, that neither his Majeſtie nor his followers were ſuch Heathens as they were held out to them by their black mouth'd Juries: Nay, he was moſt happy in reſtoring fanatical enemies to their wits, either by convincing them of their erroneous courſe, or perſwading them to joyn with him, and this was according to one of his own principles, *viz. That a perſon in publike imployment ſhould rather court the people for his Princes Intereſt, then his Prince for his own.* If this rule were exactly followed by all favourites, it would

ſmoother all dangerous heart-burnings, and contribute highly to ſecure the peoples affections to their King. His vaſt knowledge in *Military* and State Affairs was admirable, he was pleaſant and witty in converſation, with an affability in private becoming a a Comrad, ſcandalous and obſcæn wit durſt not appear before him. In this ſort he made War in *Scotland* againſt His Majeſties Enemies for the ſpace of eighteen Months, bearing the Trophees of ſix Battels, with the defeat of ſix Armies: And no doubt he had continued victorious, if the arte of Trepaning had not been prevalent, however the ſlurre he received at *Philipshaugh* was not the cut-throat of His Majeſties Army, for through his Enemy he made way to his Friends in the *North*, though far off, where his preſence gave life to drooping ſpirits, and in a ſhort time made up ſo conſiderable Forces as could give check to the inſulting Enemy: But His Majeſty coming to *Newcaſtle*, put a period to that War; here our *Hero* was as conſpicuous for his paſſive obedience as either he or his Noble Anceſtors were for their moſt deſerving actions: His Army he had ſo endeared to him, that they would have followed him upon any Account, but according to the Commands received from his Majeſtie he Capitulate nobly for theſe Gentlemen who had accompanied him in the Service; which Capitulation was moſt ſacredly and inviolably kept by that Noble Perſon who treated with him. The *Marqueſſe* in obedience to his Maieſties Orders went to attend the Queens Commands at *Paris*, where he he ſtayed for ſome time, caſting about and deſigning in ſeveral Nations what was conducible for His Majeſties recovery; at length weary of delayes, and impatient of action, he came to be ſurprized, as he was enterpriſing to come to his ancient Friends, whoſe gallant behaviour in the former War had made both him and them ſo famous. I ſhall not ſpeak of his barbarous uſage whilſt he was Priſoner; becauſe they were Countrey-men and pretended to be Chriſtians; but as to himſelf, never Martyr for the cauſe of Chriſt went with greater cheerfulneſſe to the Fire, then he did imbrace all the indignities put on him, and all without vanity or pageantry as many are uſed to do on ſuch occaſions: his compoſedneſſe and gravity can ſcarce be mentioned without hyperbole's, when he was reviled and the lie put upon him (by him whom *Caledonius* called the *Athenian* Hocus) he returned no other anſwer, that he had heard him ſpeak to better purpoſe at other

times

times. He was frequent in his Devotions and heavenly Meditations, and having reconciled himself with a true contrition to his gracious God, he advanced to finish his course with a courageous gravity and pious modesty, as his glorious Martyred Master had done before; which carriage turned the hearts of his Enemies who came to insult at the butchery, and generally the barbarity of his usage was condemned by all; and truly it is to be regrated to think how some on the Scaffold (especially a little Levite) laboured to discompose his soul by their horrid upbraidings and reproaches, but his unspeakable Christian and milde behaviour shew how firmly it was fixed in the state of Grace; I shall say little more of this great Martyr, then what was said of the Reverend Arch-bishop of *Canterbury* martyred on the same Account, when a worthy Knight was in a contemtible jeering way demanded, what his Epitaph should be, he answered; that so long as St. *Pauls* Church stood, and his Book preserved, he could neither want Monument nor Epitaph, so I say, so long as his History is in being, and the heaps of stones which covered his enemies Carcasses in *Tipper-moor*, *Aberdene*, *Ennerlochy*, *Aldern*, *Alford* and Kilsyth are lasting, he can neither want the one nor the other, and that is so long as there is a Summer to succeed the Spring, and the Cœlestial Bodies to terminate their usual course.

A word now to the noble Cavaleer that accompanied him in the same fortunes, and with the same Genius, though in a lesser Sphære. He is descended of that Ancient and Noble Family of the Earls of *Arrol*, Chief of the name of *Hay*, Lord High Constable of *Scotland* heretably. The establishment of this Family is most famous in our old Records and Histories, their Honours and Estate were conferred by King *Kenneth* the third on this occasion. *The Danes* at a Battel had put to a disorderly retreat to the *Scots* Army, which one named *Hay* with his three sons, being (as the Story goes) at the plough, perceiving, stop'd them at a narrow passe, and what with threats, and what with other perswasive notions, animate them to Rallay and to turn face, they going on with the formost, with such armes as their plough with its accoustrements did furnish them, where they shew such eminence of valour in a most furious charge, that immediatly victory attended them, with the totall overthrow of the Enemy: For which great action the King gave to them a Faulcons flight of the choisest land, & nobling them, and giving

giving for their Armes in a Field argent, three bloody Shields, a Faulcon in Creſt, and two Savages for ſupporters, the Motto *Servo Jugum*. This noble riſe being eight hundred years ago, may well place them amongſt the moſt Honourable Families in Europe, and thus for his extraction, being the firſt Cadet of this Family. His youthhead he ſpent in *Germanie* under the command of his Uncle, the renowned Count *Leſly* great chamberlain to the Emperour; but hearing that his Majeſtie was in War with his Rebels, he ſhook off all expectations of preferment there, and came home with the tender of his ſervice to his *Majeſtie*, where firſt with the great *M. Montroſe* and the valiant Lord *Ogilvy*, he gave many and ſingular proofs of his prowes in his Majeſties ſervice in *England*, till the affairs of *Scotland* drew him thither, in which ſervice with his General, how eminent he was, his ſufferings ſhew; he never diſpute the command put on, though carrying never ſo many difficulties and dangers, which he alwayes judiciouſly and hardily put in execution. His ſtature was much of that of the M. *Montroſes*, but more ſquare, of great bones, his limbs equally proportioned, of a very flaxen and buſhy hair, his complexion rarely delicate, red and white well mixed, ſuch as a Lady would have who would vye for beauty, of diſpoſition affable, a ſtock of courage and liberality becoming both Souldier and Gentleman, his conſtancy at his death ſhew well he repented nothing he did in order to his Allegiance and Majeſties Service, to the great ſhame of thoſe who threatned him with their Apocriphal Excommunications, to which he gave no more place, then our Saviour to the devils tentations, he was murthered the next day after his General the Lord Marqueſſe. Many other Noble Gentlemens murthers in the ſame nature I will not name at this time; yet I cannot paſſe that of *John Spotſwood*, grand childe to the Archbiſhop of St. *Andrews*, who died in exile, and Nephew to the great Sir *Robert Spotſwood* butchered in the like manner: This ſame young Gentleman on his knees, ready to lay his head on the Block, had theſe ſelf ſame following words, *O Lord, who hath been graciouſly pleaſed to bring me through the wilderneſſe of this world, I truſt at this time you will waft me over this ſea of blood to thy heavenly Canaan.* To which heavenly ejaculation, a Miniſter ſtanding by replyed, take tent, take tent Sir that you drwon not be the gate, an expreſſion ſufficient to have diſtracted an ordinary ſoul, but our Martyr Chriſtian anſwered, *He hoped he was no Egyptian*, which

which he delivered with such Christian modesty, that the Lout stole away in the crowd being confounded. His Uncle Sr *Robert* was no otherwise deale with by mouthes of the Brethren, being on the Scaffold at St. *Andrews* for the same just cause: In his speech to the people while he was recommending to them their duty and obedience to the King, especially to good a King, one interrupted him, and forbade the people to believe him, being the son of a false Prophet, meaning that great light in the Church his father, the Archbishop of the place. Hence may the people learn if they ought to trust the doctrine of their Allegiance to such ones who drenches themselves in the blood of the best Subjects, whose fame and acts shall serve as examples of future Loyaltie, Gallantry and Piety; and it is hoped that none will be so mad again as to worship Meteors, when God Almighty hath provided a shining Sun, our Lawfull and Dread Soveraign, whom God long preserve, *Amen*, *Amen*.

Immortali veræ Nobilitatis, inæquandæ Magnanimitatis, incontuminati Honoris, & intemeratæ Fidelitatis, Magni *Grami* memoriæ *Sacrum*.

SI quis hic jacet quæris viator, Magnus hic est ille Montis rosarum Marchio, generosi Genii suæ familiæ generosus hæres; qui virescentibus adhuc (licet annosis) Majorum suorum palmis, tot victrices contexuit lauros, ut si omnes Illi huic Uni an Unus hic Illis omnibus plus gloriæ contulerit scire sit nefas. Hic est Nobilis Ille Montis rosarum Marchio; qui si prosapiâ an virtute illustrior, consilio an dextera promptior, aulæ an castris Charior, principibus suis an exteris gratior, perduellionis malleus durior, an monarchiæ assertor acrior fama an fortuna clarior, in vita denique insignior, an in morte constantior exstiterit dictu difficile: Hic est,

Viator, Magnus Ille Dux, *ducum ſui ſæculi facilè princeps*: Dux, *qui cum pæditum manipulo (ne dicam excercitulo) penè inermi, vectus & amictus inopè, cauſæ æquitati, ducis magnanimitati, & gladiis confiſo ſuis, ingentes hoſtium acies Armatas duodecim menſium (plus minus) ſpatio ſepties Vidit, Vicit, Delevit.* Majora *hæc Cæſaris Oculatâ victoriâ. Sed prob inſtabilem lubrici fati rotam! Qui arma, caſtra, oppida, turres, propugnacula, qui frigus, famem, ſitim, inacceſſa montium juga, immo omnia ſuperare conſueverat tandem maligno fortunæ errore victus, nequiſſimè hoſtibus traditus, quid non paſſus!* Protomartyris *regis ſui martyr pediſſequus, plus quam barbaro inimicorum furori (niſi tam generoſo ſanguine implacabili) & effranæ prætigiatorum Druidum inſolentiæ victima oblatus, invictam malis exſpiravit animam.* Sic *concidit Nobile illud diadematis fulcrum, ſic occidit Reſplendens ille* Caledoniæ *Phoſphorus, ſic occubuit Magnus ille Martis Alumnus, & cum illo maſcula quæque ſuperfætantis Virtutis ſoboles, per obſtetrices indigenas, ipſis Ægiptiis crudeliores trucidata. Poſt undecennium oſſa effodi, membra recolligi, & per proceres & regni Comitia à Cœnobio regio S. Crucis per Metropolim ſummo cum ſplendore ad Ædes D. Ægidio ſacris comitata, impenſis ſuis regiis ſub hoc Monumento magnifico cum Avo ſuo Nobili quondam* Scotiæ *proregè ſepeliri mandavit Auguſtiſſimus Regum* CAROLUS II. *imperio ſuo divinitus reſtitutus. Vale Viator, & quiſquis es, immenſam ſereniſſimi Principis erga ſuos pietatem, & Poſthumum hunc Magni* Grami *priſtinæ ſuæ gloriæ redivivi Cole* Triumphum.

J. E. Miles Philo-Gramus
Po.

At the Funerals of the Lord Marqueſſe of Montroſe, 1661.

HEre reinter'd *Montroſe* lyes, though not all,
As if too narrow were one Funerall.
So *Orpheus* Corps deſcerpt by wicked furie,
His Friends *Apollo* and the *Muſes* burie.
That head, his Enemies trophee, and their ſhame,
Which oft had been a *Gorgon* unto them.

The

The badge of their foul perfidie and pride,
When to their Soveraign's view they own'd the dead.
Had ſcarce been three month's mounted when as all
Like *Cæſar* under *Pompeis* ſtatue fall:
Brought down by their own Aleis, and that ſin
Which like the ſin of *Nebats* ſon had bin.
Ten years the Lands deboach, Religions mock
Drew on for ten years more a Forraign yoke;
Till by the Revolution of Heavens face,
Montroſe gets glory, and the Land gets grace.
When after ages ſhall recount his worth,
And read his Victories on *Die*, *Tay*, *Forth*,
Atchievements noble of a Loyal Band
Upon a brainſick Faction of the Land:
His Conduct, his ſubmiſſion to the Crown,
T' advance arm'd or unarm'd, and lay Arms down:
His ſcorne of lucre, care of keeping Faith,
His matchleſſe conſtancy in meeting death.
They'll doubt what Epithets, Great, Generous
Suit beſt, or Loyal, or *Magnanimous*.
Whether more ſplendor to his Name to bring
His actings, or his ſuffrings for his *King*.

W. D.

COme here and read varieties,
A man of contrarieties
Moſt loyal to his King, although
A Traitor to the Kingdom: ſo
His Countrey-men he ſtill oppreſt:
Yet ſtill his Princes wrongs redreſt.
He did invade his Native Land,
Yet wanted nee'r his Kings command:
His Country-men he fought, he kill'd,
Yet nee'r but Traitors blood he ſpill'd.
He ſcourg'd the Land did tyrannize,
Yet only Rebels did chaſtize.
He cauſ'd the Subjects Liberties,
Advanc'd the King's prerogatives:

Our Edicts he did ſtill neglect,
Th'ancient Laws he did reſpect:
An Apoſtate he branded was,
Yet ſtill maintain'd the * Good old Cauſe:
He lik'd not well our Churches form,
Yet to the Scriptures did conform.
He's Excommunicate, And Why?
He ſinn'd too much in Loyalty.
He dies a Rebel to the Crown,
Yet for the King his life layes down:
He's puniſh'd as a Murtherer,
Yet's hang'd a valiant Martyr:
His courage here was ſole Romain,
His Imitation's Chriſtian.
Our *Wits* conſult him how to ſhame,
And yet our *Wits* procure his fame:
Alive and dead thus he doth prove,
The equal But of hate and love.

Expect not here in things complext
That mid-mouth'd diſtinction 'twixt
True and falſe: And ſuch like moe,
'Twixt really and deemed ſo:
To reconcile thy doubts. Attend
Till our poſterity ſhall lend
Their ſence upon the matter, ſo
The Mother then ſhall let thee know
The Daughter, poliſht fair and clear
From Errors. Then perhaps you'l hear
Them ſay, *His life's his Countreys fame,*
His uſage and his death their ſhame.

Hunc { *fur* / *am* } *or immanis reg* { *ni* / *is* } *Jugula* / *ſepeli* } *vix operte.*

Huic { *fur* / *am* } *or immanis reg* { *ni* / *is* } *dat* { *Golgatha Furcam* / *Funera Tumbam.*

In

IN vain thou looks that I ſhould ſhow
Whoſe aſhes here doth ſleep below:
For if thou wouldſt acquainted be
With his great parts and vertues high,
Conſult with after-times, they'l tell
What we delight not to reveal.
Our off-ſpring will the truth diſcover,
Where we took pains the truth to ſmother:
Adviſe with Times-Recorder: Come,
He'l give you reaſons why we'r dumb;
My Prince bids me but only ſay,
Montroſe his bones we here did lay:
The pious duſt forbids me breath
Ought of his uſage or his death,
Leſt ſober Infidels ſhould ſpy
Our Churches weakneſſe, and deny
The Goſpel for our ſakes, and cry,
His death's his Countries obloquy.

On the Great *Montroſe.*

SEraphick ſoul, What heavenly powers combine
To re-inter theſe ſacred bones of thine?
Thy glorious Relicts by malice bonds detain'd
In ſilent grave; will no more be reſtrain'd
But muſt appear in triumph, glad to ſee
The bleſſed year of Britans Jubilee:
Should there a *Phœnix* from thy aſhes riſe,
Would not all Nations it Idolatrize?
Thy noble ſtem and high Extraction
Was beautified with ſuch perfection,
As makes thee ſtill to be thy Nations glory
Europes great wonder, ſtately Theme of ſtory:
Thy valorous actings far tranſcend the prayſe
Of Tongues or *Pens*, or theſe my ruſtall layes;
Therefore I muſt ſo high a ſubject leave,
And what I cannot ſpeak or write, conceive.

Mr. *John Chalmers.*

A reflection on the firſt and ſecond Funerals of the great *Montroſe*.

AMazed with theſe glorious ſhews, I find
A crowd of fancies ſtrugling in my mind;
Staggering me in a doubt, which will be chief,
A grievous joy or a rejoycing grief.
While I behold the Trophees of thy worth,
With all this joy and ſplendour now ſet forth.
And hear thy name, perfumed by the State;
With titles of *ſo Loyal* and *ſo great*.
And ſee pure honour in ſo loſty ſtraitnes,
Hov'ring above thy late diſdain'd remaines.
Thy parboil'd parched head, and thy dry bones,
Courted by *Mars* and *Pallas* both at once.
Thy conquering palm with loading higher riſe,
And in the treaſurie of thy growing praiſe,
Each caſt his mite; and here thy en'mies cry
Hoſanna now for their late Crucifie.
To ſee thy friends their honour yet retain,
Rearing thy Trophees with triumphant train.
This over treaſon adds a victory more,
A ſeventh conqueſt to the ſix before,
To ſee thy torments travelling with thy praiſe,
And thy Herſe crowned with thy conquering Bayes.
To ſee thy pains, thy infamie, thy death,
Give life to Loyalty, to Honour breath.
That after thee theſe Vertues may revive,
And in thy glorious Iſſue ever live.
Theſe do commence our joyes, theſe expiate
Our former crimes, although they came too late.
And yet our griefs from that ſame fountain ſprung,
He's dead, for whom our Jovial Echoes ring.
He's dead, the ſhame of all our *Britiſh* Story,
He's dead, the grace of all our *Scotiſh* Glory.
Valours great Mimon, the true antidot
Of all diſgrace that e're defam'd a *Scot*.

The flowr and Phœnix of a Loyal Stem,
In *Charles* his Crown the moſt Illuſtrious Gem.
And yet this Gem is broke, this Phœnix dead,
This Glory buried, Mimon murdered.
A ſight would made (had he been there to ſee't)
Argus with all his eyes turn *Heraclit.*
Would metamorphoſ'd *Mars* to *Niobe*,
And turn'd the world all but to one great Eye,
To have delug'd that gaſtly rueful place
Where *Albions* faith, and honour buried was.
A place which ever wiſe poſteritie
Shall ſtile hereafter, ſecond *Calvarie.*
It was no dint of Steel, nor force of Armes,
Nor Traitors plots that did procure his harmes.
To encounter and to conquer, all did ſee,
Was one to him: at his nativitie,
He had *Mars* in the aſcendent, whoſe bright flame
Made mighty Nations tremble at his name.
Valour with valour, force with force controul
He then, he only could: But's loyal ſoul
To be a willing victim thought it meet,
While Monarchie lay bleeding at his feet;
For ſeeing *Charles* firſt run that ſad diſaſter,
In that ſame cup he pleg'd his Royal Maſter.
And now, and not till now, that loyal ſpirit
Hath got the honour due unto his merit.
But ſince a Schedul will not quite the ſcore,
Fit for great Volums; here I'll give it o're.
Too mean a tribute of a ſlow pac'd Verſe,
Is the affectory to ſo great a Herſe.
Or he or Heav'n muſt make the Epitaph
That will be fit for ſuch a noble Grave.
He did; and after the Solemnity,
Ev'n Heav'n it ſelf did weep his Elegie.

Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori.

IN Patriam, Regem, Legis cau Perfidus Hostis
Pro Patriâ, Rege & legibus occubui.
Legibus antiquis Patriæ Regique fidelis,
A Patriâ Rege & legibus tutumulor.

Go Passenger perswade the world to trust,
Thou saw intomb'd the Great *Montrose* his dust!
But tell not that he dy'd, nor how, nor Why?
Dissuade them in the truth of this to pry:
Befriend us more, And let them ne're proclaim
Our Nobles weakness, and our Countries shame.

The Noble ashes here shall only tell
That they were buried, not how they fell,
For faithfull patriots should ne're proclaim
Such acts as does procure their Countries shame.

Let it content thee Passenger that I
Can tell thee here entomb'd my bones doth lye,
Do not enquire if e're I dyed, or why?
Speak nought of cruel rage, hate, or envy,
Learn only this, 'tis malice to reveal
Our Countreys shame, but duty to conceal.

FINIS.